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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18 1915. NUMBER 12

Blessed are the men and women of fine enthusiasms! A materialistic age cannot wither them, nor the world's custom of slamming doors in their faces rob them of their infinite courage. They are as a fresh breeze on a summer day and while sometimes they blow a little too hard, they keep us thereby from stagnation and pessimism and inertia the while we are holding on our hats and wondering how long it will last.

—*Exchange.*

The Holland News is the title of a serial published at The Hague in the interest of peace. It is sent gratis to the principal Peace Reviews, the Peace Associations and to all persons expressing a desire to receive it. Contributions, however, that will assure the continuation of the publication will be welcome. Apply to "Dr. J. B. de Jong van Beek en Donk, 51 Theresiastraat, The Hague."

The Advocate of Peace for November, speaking of the Year Book of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, says: "The best reply to the criticisms of the aims and methods of this Endowment is this report of the Executive Committee and the Secretary. They are sane, unimpassioned accounts of constructive effort in behalf of a better world organization. The volume is an invaluable textbook in high international endeavor."

The "Department of Publicity" is the name of a new department established by the American Unitarian Association, which has been passed over into the hands of the Rev. E. A. Rumball, who recently laid down the very successful and unique pastorate of the Rochester (N. Y.) Unitarian Church. Mr. Rumball's name is familiar to UNITY readers. He and his wife are trained missionaries, coming from the ranks of the people and of the orthodox religion, most generally espoused by the people. New methods are indeed to be expected from these hands and much good work will be done, as indeed it ought to be in order to atone for the good pastor that some local church is deprived of by this arrangement.

A wise college professor, a profound student of law, national and international, speaking of possible presidential candidates from the standpoint of an independent, recently said of Elihu Root: "He has been in bad company but he has seen the better way. He has reformed since he was the attorney of Tammany and New York's big business. He has been educating himself to national problems." Be this as it may with the person in question, it is a hopeful fact often overlooked that office holding sometimes at least sobers and educates the office seeker; responsibility compels a recognition of duties not caught sight of in the self-seeking days. While office often corrupts, it perhaps as often purifies. The first process is more obvious, the last process more permanent.

Star Island, an attractive member of the Isles of Shoals has passed into the joint ownership of the Unitarian and Trinitarian Congregationalists. Trustees will be appointed from both bodies and the island is to be made available for the summer assemblies which have already made it notable. A large hotel, groups of cottages and a little stone church form part of the equipment. The *Advance* says: "The Unitarians deserve great credit for discovering the possibilities of the island for religious uses, and their summer uses have been very profitable. They have been most hospitable to the Congregationalists, and the two assemblies, which occupy about two weeks each, touch elbows as one ends and the other begins, and this touch has been mutually pleasant." Perhaps that our playtime is the season most favorable for the disintegration of dogma and the enlargement of fellowship.

The Dial, as usual, preserves its academic poise and displays a sweet reasonableness in its review of recent war books by Edward Krehbiel. The article is entitled Cassandra-Voices of "Preparedness." Speaking of Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America," he says: "No better illustration than this book could be found of what Norman Angell has called 'one-sided aberration,'—the process of trying to solve questions involving many nations by considering only one of them." This article calls attention to the failure of all these advocates of "preparedness" to state what "adequate preparation" means. Does it mean entering the race with monarchical nations keeping pace in the game of war? If so, we are beaten already, not because we are short of funds or wanting in patriotism, but because the intelligence of the nation and the logic of democracy takes all of the fun out of the foolish game; because the American people glimpse a better way.

The committee appointed by Governor Phillip to name Wisconsin's "Favorite Son" to be honored by the Panama-Pacific Exposition, must have found it an easy task. They voiced what is clearly the common consensus of the competent. The venerable W. D. Hoard, former governor of Wisconsin, founder and still the editor and publisher of *"Hoard's Dairyman."* He has been an apostle of the dairy, the prophet of alfalfa in the middle West, the champion and friend of the cow. His practical helpfulness has been felt around the globe; he has been the mentor of the dairying interests in Australia, Ireland, Denmark and the far East, as well as in the United States. He has been much more than this. He has been the poet of the farm, the lover of men, women and children, a man in whom business blooms into religion and thrift ripens into character. We congratulate Wisconsin in having so eminent a citizen and for having sense enough to recognize the fact even while he yet lives. A PROPHET SOMETIMES IS WITH HONOR EVEN IN HIS OWN COUNTRY!

A Strong Man Fallen

In the death of Booker T. Washington the world has lost one of its great educators. Tuskegee Institute is not simply a triumph in the education of the colored man, but it is a triumph in education. We search the map of the United States in vain to find a pedagogical institute that has risen to such potency and achieved such technical efficiency as that achieved by Tuskegee. That it was achieved in the lifetime of one man, largely through the potency of one personality, and that from a man who was born in slavery and rose by dint of his own energy into this conspicuous power, adds to the wonder.

Mr. Washington was a colored man. His veins were strongly filled with an infiltration of African blood, and he lifted himself out of the trammels that are always thrown around the limbs of representatives of an alleged "inferior race." Mr. Washington was at home among the whitest of white men, was accorded academic honors by the most exacting institutions of learning. His power of speech made him an orator with few equals. His skill with the pen made his books classic in their department. His autobiography, "Up from Slavery," and the two volume "Story of the Negro," are books that must be reckoned with by any man who would study intensively the history of the United States as well as the history of the negro. Earnest, tireless, hopeful, broad are all adjectives that fit Mr. Washington.

Let no man try to admit Mr. Washington into the company of the excellent under a bill of exceptions. It is to be admitted that he was the tallest tree in the forest, but there is a forest made up of aspiring, stalwart, conquering companion trees. He was one of a class. It may be long before one man is found to occupy the vacant place, but there are hundreds of those ready to take up the task, and their joint efforts will bear the banners of Tuskegee, of the colored people and of growing democracy in the United States triumphantly forward. No one will want to spell negro with two g's after having come under the influence of this man, having felt the spell of his name and work. It goes without saying that the colored people will do honor to their great leader. It will be to the perpetual loss of the white man if he fails to accept this visitation of nature as a lesson in democracy.

We cannot write more at this time, but Mr. Washington's life deserves a more careful analysis and a more worthy estimate. A Memorial Service is to be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre at four o'clock next Sunday afternoon. May it be one of many to be held all over the country, for in the life of Booker T. Washington those who struggle in the fetters of poverty, ignorance, race prejudice, local suspicion and mountainous difficulties are encouraged to press forward to fare on and fare ever toward the triumph that awaits the faithful, the fearless and the diligent.

THE FOLD

Beside the sagging fence it stands,
  A lone, gray thing the hollows hold;
Wind-bitten in the windy lands,
  And yet a fold.

The sky is like a crocus flower;
  The shepherd calls his wandering sheep,
And thither brings them in that hour
  Ere folks do sleep.

So gentle with each little one,
  So careful is he with the old,
They all shall rest at set of sun
  Safe in the fold.

What better, than by country wall,
  A roofed space the hollows keep,
Where I may come at end of all,
  Like any sheep?

Let me of men be clean forgot;
  The Lord in Heaven waxes not cold;
He is my Shepherd; I shall not
  Fail of the fold.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

The Congregationalist.

THE DEPRECIATORS

There is a house—not yours, my friend, I trust—
  Where no enthusiasm ever shows:
  Their praise of good with halting footsteps goes,
They keep superlatives to voice disgust.

Isaac Ogden Rankin.

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

V.

"Why Love Italy"

Sermon Preached October 24, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

Prayer.

Enlarge our hearts this morning, Father. Show us the wide ranges of Thy love as revealed through the ages, witnessed to by the loyalty shown in the lives and deaths of Thy chosen ones in all lands and under all names. Soften our hearts this morning, Father; put therefrom all hatred. When our souls stagger under the weight of wrong and cruelty, of bloodshed and hate, save us, Father, from swelling the curse by adding hatred to hate. Help us, O Father, to see with Thy chosen ones that our hatreds are born from our own ignorance rather than from the vice of others. We pray this morning Father, for all Thy wayward and wandering children. Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do. Amen.

SERMON.

WHY LOVE ITALY.—I must love Italy, if for no other reason than that so many of my friends, guides, teachers and inspirers have loved it.

I love Italy because it holds the dust of Keats and Shelley, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Browning and our own brave Theodore Parker. Italy recalls to me the names of the Brownings, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Ruskin, Marion Crawford, W. W. Storey, Wagner, the great tone master, and the shining line that my memory fails to record. I love Italy for the dear English books and poems it has inspired,—Romola, Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Old Pictures in Florence, Francis Furini, and the greatest book in English poetry outside of Shakespeare, "The Ring and the Book," written, as the poet says, out of that "little book, half manuscript, half print, for which I paid a lira, which is eighteen pence English, just." I must love Italy for the riches of the literature that it has created beyond its own boundaries and in other than the vernacular tongue.

I love Italy for her great inheritance, the mighty deposits of the Greek and Roman world. Even in the far-off days the Syracusians, as Plutarch tells us, the fate of Nikias' men working in the quarries, was softened because some of them could recite lines from Euripides, the newest of the Greek poets.

I love Italy for the mighty Roman background; for her Brutus, Cato, Cornelia and her jewels, Cincinnatus, Julius Cæsar, Cicero and all the others. I love Italy for her poets in the mother tongue,—Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and for the historians that are the joy of modern students,—Tacitus, Pliny and the rest.

I love Italy for the few good Emperors that she counts in her treasury. Rome had Emperors bad and good, but they were *Emperors* and they *did* rule and they were not apologized for as the crown wearers are today on the score that they are negative quantities. Their subjects boast of their imbecility—"they will do so little harm!" I am glad of the Emperor Titus, who said, "The day is lost which fails to bring some comfort to the humble." I love Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, whose bronze figure stands on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, with extended arm protecting his captives of war from the indignities of his own soldiers.

I love Italy for the saints that lived saintly lives, those who were enshrined in the loving hearts of the multitude before the church gave them tardy canonization,—Benedict, who led his monkish force forth from the mountain fastnesses on Monte Cassino, chanting the battle song that conquered Europe without shedding a drop of blood, *"Laborare est orare"*—"To labor is to pray." With their triple vows of chastity, obedience and poverty, they conquered savage Europe. They triumphed not by force of arms, not by Christian formulas of creeds, but by the pacific weapons of love and patience. Benedict and his successors were the toiling devotees who prayed with axes when there were forests to remove, with spades when there were marshes to be drained, with trowel and hammer when there were walls to be built; aye, and, with the same diligence and modesty, with pen and graver and brush when there were manuscripts to copy and books to illuminate. I love Italy for her "saints" that were saintly.

I love her none the less for her heretics,—Julian the Apostate, Bruno, Campanella and the long line of sufferers who for truth's sake demonstrated that science has its martyrs as well as religion, those who died for the faith that was too large for the church, prophesying a new religion in which we now delight. I love Italy for her heroic heretics.

When, in 1897, I found myself in Rome, yielding to an inner guidance I sought the Court of Flowers, once called Ragpickers' Square, to stand at the foot of the statue of Giordano Bruno before I climbed the hill to see the glory of St. Peter's. He who was burned nearly three hundred years before had recently been honored by a bronze statue erected by the students of the University of Italy. This statue represented a triumph rising through flames.

Of course I honor Italy for that long line of scientists whom it would be pedantry or something worse for me to try to name; but there they stand, the great heroes of applied science, with Archimedes at their head, father of them all, who said, "Give me a place whereon to stand and I will move the world,"—Galileo, Galvani, Volta, Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer, Father Secchi and Menicci, the anticipator of Bell, who, it is claimed, should receive credit for the invention of the telephone, down to the great Marconi of the wireless triumph.

I love Italy for her great navigators, Marco Polo, Flavio Civia, who perfected the marine compass, Verrazani, the discoverer of the Hudson River before Hudson; the Cabots, father and son, who skirted our eastern coast from Florida to Labrador, and Americus Vespuccius, who gave us our name, "America."

Of course here belongs the list, which I will not attempt to give, of the great tone masters, the mighty musicians that have made not only Italy but Europe musical with her triumphs, from away back there when Guido of Arezzo invented the musical scale, down through Palestrina, Paganini and a score of other musicians whose names you read in the books.

Then there comes that inexhaustible wealth handed down to us by the mighty artists of Italy,—Cimabue, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, who was, perhaps, the most encyclopedic man of his age, master not only of

the brush and the chisel, but student of the arteries and the stars. I am thinking farther of Raphael, Titian, Guido Reni, Fra Angelico and the rest of them.

But to come better within the range of my comprehension and within the purpose of this course of studies, I love Italy for its mighty battle in recent times for democracy, for its splendid achievements toward unity in that war-ridden Europe,—bristling, alas, with bayonets. Its later and greater triumphs have been those of the thinkers, the poets and leaders in the humanities.

Three names alone would make the nineteenth century radiant: Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi; Cavour, the statesman; Mazzini, the prophet; Garabaldi, "the Knight Errant of United Italy," as some one has called him. The greater of these is Mazzini, and the lesser is Garibaldi. Elizabeth Barrett Browning said, out of the heat and strain of the situation, "One Mazzini is worth a dozen Garibaldis, because he carries no sword." It is vivisection of mind and heart to dismiss these names with a word. How great is the temptation to take all of this hour and many others besides in trying to lift myself and you into a keener appreciation of these great potencies that carried terror to the hearts of monarchs everywhere. These are the men that have set the pace for all the powers of Europe. Krupp has moulded no cannon that will silence the tongue of a prophet. Guns, powder, dynamite and all the other hellish inventions cannot thwart a poet or suppress the love of liberty in the heart of the humblest. What did these great potencies of the nineteenth century do for Europe? They scared the kings, they made the dukes and barons look small, they carried consternation into boards of trade and to the dealers in stocks and bonds, the manipulators of other people's time and strength, those who rob the world of its resources and corner its waterfalls and its forests, its fields and its mines for the enhancement of their own wealth rather than for the glorification and advancement of man.

I am seeking an adequate perspective. I am trying to hold Italy far enough away so that we may discover the major peaks in this Italian mountain-range of soul. The Alps and Appenines are great mountain ranges, but upon closer study and more intimate acquaintance they are seen to break upward into a few great peaks that pierce the clouds to receive the first greetings of the sun and wear the glory of snow and ice, of shade and sunshine. And we will keep these mountain peaks right before our eyes as we try to study Italy at long range. There stand three everlasting souls, landmarks not only in Europe but in human progress, and I dare not suggest the fourth.

The first of these is Dante, one of the four or five great poets of the world, one whom we are just beginning to understand, not as an interpreter of the Catholic Church or the conventional faith of the time, though he poured his genius into those forms and formulas, but as the pioneer of the new learning, one who had foresight to see the new issues. He was as radical as Bruno. He dared chuck a Pope head foremost into hell when he deserved it; Dante was the great interpreter of the human heart. As another has said, he was not simply a poet, but a judge of Italy, of Europe, of humanity. He declared a righteous verdict upon things past, present and to come.

Of Michael Angelo Mr. William Hunt, one of the greatest art interpreters in the United States, has said, "The ages since Michael Angelo have offered no man big enough to interpret him." When Grimm would write his biography, he found it necessary to study the age in which he lived. And Grimm's Life of Angelo is one of the few great books which it is a liberal culture to know. Of Angelo it is said that he was born with three souls, the soul of a painter, a sculptor and an architect, and that, after he had turned sixty, there came into his life great tides of human love, mighty torrents of a man's love for a woman, a woman that was worthy such love, and to the three souls already his was added the fourth, the soul of the poet. His sonnets stand with the dome of St. Peter, with the tombs of the Medici, and the illuminations on the walls of the Vatican, witnessing to the mighty power of this four-souled man, Michael Angelo, who accomplished what Julian the Emperor tried to do and failed,—pick up the lost inspirations of Greece and blend the same with the Christianity of his time and make place for these neglected elements in civilization. He brought the classic world down into his own time and marked the era which we call the Renaissance, the New Birth of the new learning,—better call it the Re-birth of the Old Learning.

The third name is Columbus. He gave us one-half of the world we delight in. He made room for the pent-up forces of genius to expand in this new world, and, stumblingly, but effectively, established that which dreamers had foreseen.

Were there need of other reasons why I love Italy, I need but call the roll of her great cities,—Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples. But you have all been over that fascinating ground either in imagination or in reality. Let me stick to my humbler task. In 1897 Bishop Keane, now Archbishop of Iowa, was my gracious host in Rome. He had been my yokefellow in the Parliament of Religons and was at that time director of the Catholic University at Washington. In his room in Rome, with his arm around my neck, he said, "Brother Jones, you have come to study *ancient* Rome. Here you will find the elder world fronting you on every hand, you cannot be disappointed. And if you stay a little longer, you will learn to love *present* Rome, for there is much here that is charming and delightful; but I tell you, democrat, radical and American, as you are, if you stay here long enough you will find that the Rome of today is the capital of the present world and the conserver of the *future* interests of the world in a very real way. There are no interests that enlist your sympathies, no causes that you are engaged in but have their lines reaching out and across the water, under the seas, over the mountains, here to Rome. Rome is still the capital city of the world."

In words something like these did my friend put me on my honor, giving me a task upon which I have been working ever since. Perhaps the good bishop was too partial, but one thing was very clear, he was keenly alive to the distresses of Italy at that time,—and they have scarcely grown less at the present. It is true that Italy is not simply the treasure-house of the past; it is the battle-ground of the future.

I am no prophet or the son of a prophet, but I venture the hope,—I will not call it a prophecy,—that the next great European republic to be born will be the

republic of Italy, the next crown to be dispensed with will be the Italian crown. The republic of Italy is already well under way because the genius of history is there enthroned.

Why is Italy spoken of in the feminine gender? Why did Browning call it tenderly "that woman country," and declare that if his heart were examined after his death the word "Italy" would be found engraved thereon? Italy represents indubitably the gentler side of civilization because it represents so much art. Italy embodies politically that mystic phrase borrowed from Goethe, "The eternally-womanly." Not the feminine gender not the woman as against the man, but the womanly side in the man as well as in the woman, the maternal element in Providence, the love deposit in Nature, that which is ever alive to the beautiful, whether it be beauty in marble, on canvas, in tone, or in thought, made lyric in language.

Because Italy is so immersed in the inspirations of art it is again necessarily committed to democracy.

Those who read closely know that Victor Emmanuel, the first King of United Italy, was a makeshift, a compromise, a stepping-stone in the thought of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. Garibaldi wore the red cap of Liberty, and the dream of these three men was a free Italy that is yet to arrive that is to be born out of its rich past. "A free church and a free State" were the last words that fell from the lips of Cavour.

Rome is a city of fountains. Oh, how the water gushes around, how charming are its purling, bubbling, bountiful fountains! None of your weak, dripping, economical little streams that we call fountains in Chicago, or even in New York or Boston, but great mountain streams, pouring down ungrudgingly out of their abundance. The noblest of them all, as I remember them, was the Fontana de Trevi, pouring through its triple outlets 13,000,000 cubic feet of sparkling water every twenty-four hours. This water comes from a distance of fourteen miles through an aqueduct a part of which was built by the Emperor Agrippa before Jesus was born. It flows out from under the feet of a Neptune of stately proportions and generous altitude, with splendid figures of Health and Fertility on either side. The great basin sparkles with this *Aqua Virgo,* as it is called, so named because tradition has it that a young girl first directed a thirsty soldier to the spring that was older than the city.

The guide-book says, "The superstitious partake of the water of this fountain and throw a coin into the basin in the pious belief that their return is thus insured."

I took my farewell drink from the fountain and threw in my nickel. I have not yet returned, but I do not need to go, for that fountain still delights me, and all the more because the water is brought hither through that ancient aqueduct, ancient energy and devotion lending their aid to present needs. The flowing water is not the water of the first century B. C., but it is fresh water up to date, at whatever time you may visit it.

Thus it is with these great names of history. Bruno's chief offense was that he taught the plurality of worlds. He thought there were other worlds than ours. When I was in Rome in 1897, I loved to visit a very humble monument, easily overlooked, not higher than my hand could easily reach, bearing on its top a celestial globe. It was a memorial to Galileo, whom the church humiliated because he perfected an instrument which interfered with the astronomy of Ptolemy, a machine that "scooped ugly valleys in the face of the beautiful moon!"

But Rome was then proud of its astronomical observatory, and Father Secchi was one of the astronomers that the learned world took note of. The Pope had provided for it the best telescope that money could buy, one, considered at that time the second or third best telescope in the world. So I like to think that even the "old church itself," as Bishop Keane declared, has in it permanent elements that are sure to triumph.

Out of some four hundred and sixty churches in Rome, the books tell me that eighty of them are dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The mother element in religion is universal. These churches might go further and fare worse, might they not? They are on the way to that UNITY for which Bruno died.

To me the Pantheon disputed with St. Peter's for my reverence, and, to be frank, I found much more inspiration and comfort in the Pantheon than I did in St. Peter's though St. Peter's is the most gorgeous temple now on the globe. It was thirteen centuries in building, and the cost has been vaguely estimated at sixty million dollars. It was probably much more than that. And still this simple circle of the Pantheon, with its low dome and great eye open to the sky, which has come down from pre-Christian times reconsecrated to Christian uses, appealed to me profoundly. The books tell us that twenty-eight cartloads of martyr bones were put into the floor and the foundations for the re-consecration. Two hundred years or more ago Christianity attempted to indicate its Christian use by putting a couple of unsightly bell-towers on the roof, but later ecclesiastics became ashamed of the monstrosities and they have been taken down. Today the Pantheon is open to the sky and represents the larger catholicism, the nobler piety that is to come.

You cannot turn down a street or read a page about Italy without running into a mystery that is bound to bloom into prophecy. Everywhere here you stand on fertile ground. The soil is charged with seed that is to germinate and bear its harvest.

One of the art treasures as well as one of the art mysteries of the world, the present pride of Venice, is the group of bronze horses over the door of St. Marks. The story of this quadriga is of itself an epic. All agree that these horses were first modeled by the hands of some Greek artist, possibly Praxiteles, himself. Nero stole the group to decorate his palace in Rome. Hadrian continued the use of it, and when the tide of war denuded Rome, the horses were carried over to Constantinople. When Constantinople fell, they were stolen and installed in Venice. Then Napoleon laid his vandal hands on them and carried them to Paris, where they were kept for a time among the art treasures of France. When the power of Napoleon waned, art and conscience began their work, and imperial Francis gave back the horses to Venice, where they are today, but they are still stolen goods. It may be the day is coming when they will be sent back to their original home, for the movement is now on foot to restore all antiquities to their native habitat so far as possible.

The traveler sees nothing more spectacular in the streets of Florence than the grim figures draped in black, caring for the sick or bearing away the dead. The story of the Misericordia is a fascinating one. We are told that away back in the Middle Ages certain young men formed an association to reform themselves and elevate their lives. They imposed a fine upon themselves every time they were guilty of profanity. In time the fund thus produced grew large enough for philanthropic uses. This was the beginning of a brotherhood that submerges the distinction between prince, peasant and porter. The man who drives the cab and the man who rides in it are equally eligible to this society and equally fortunate if they are admitted into the confidences of its membership. Here they lay aside all personality, eliminate all ranks; they wear this grim black gown, concealing head, face and body. The only way you can guess at the social quality of the man underneath this garb is by looking at his shoes. I suppose some of them have higher heels than others. And this continuous benediction, still at work, comes down from those gruesome days of old.

The Foundling's Asylum, made perpetually tender by the bambinoes of the Della Robbia on the outside of the walls, has a history even more charming. It started back in the Middle Ages by caring for the foundlings which were left at night to be called for in the morning. In those days, as now, the peasants obtained their milk from goats. This asylum provided sanitary milk for the babes by keeping a herd of goats in the back yard, and whenever a baby cried a mother goat, guided by the divine maternal instinct, would trot into the hall and give the baby its nourishment in the natural way without danger of intruding microbes. But when I visited that asylum, I saw for the first time the newly perfected incubators to take care of the prematurely born with all the precautions of science such as are now familiar to us in Chicago. These anticipated and probably carried out more effectively than here.

The Italy that I love is a growing Italy. The present Italy is still unfinished and surges with unrest. There is a present issue between Church and State, the menace to free thinking is active. Because of these things I cherish the hope which I have already voiced that Italy may realize democracy perhaps before any other of the present monarchical powers in Europe. And it may put us on our mettle, strengthen our democratic sympathies and give us new courage to espouse things unpopular, to work on the side of the minority. I wonder if, tested by those tests, that woman-country committed to the heart of the Universe, the mother-element in the divine, may not be ahead even of us in America.

Long ago, in his early manhood, Longfellow was moved by that wonderful Campanile, Giotto's tower in Florence, which is still unfinished. He who climbs the tower finds on top adequate abutments left to support a continuation which has never been added. Longfellow sang:

> "In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
> A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
> That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
> But wanting still the glory of the spire."

In later years Robert Browning seems to have caught the thought of Longfellow and lifted it into a more heroic vision. In his "Old Pictures in Florence," after doing tardy justice to the masters and making us ashamed of our ignorance by telling us,

> "If you knew their work, you would deal your dole,"

he closes with a prophecy of what he thinks will happen when

> "A certain dotard is thrown over the mountain,"

and Italy has gone on its way to freedom.

> .....Once Freedom restored to Florence,
> How Art may return that departed with her.
> Go, hated house, go each trace of the Loraine's
> And bring us the days of Orgagna hither!
> How we shall prologuize, how we shall perorate,
> Utter fit things upon art and history,
> Feel truth at blood-heat and falsehood at zero rate,
> Make of the want of the age no mystery;
> Contrast the fructuous and sterile eras,
> Show—monarchy ever its uncouth cub licks
> Out of the bear's shape into Chimaera's,
> While pure Art's birth is still the Republic's.

And then adds:

> And turn the bell-tower's *alt to altissimo*:
> And fine as the beak of a young beccaccia
> The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
> Shall soar up in gold fifty braccia,
> Completing Florence, as Florence Italy.
>
> Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
> Is broken away, and the long-pent fire
> Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
> Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire
> While "God and the People" plain for its motto,
> Thence the new tricolor flaps at the sky?
> At least to foresee that glory of Giotto,
> And Florence together, the first am I!

I am with him. So are we all! If we could get rid of this wretched distrust of the potency of love, of the conquering power of ideas, if we could realize the imbecility of guns and the powerlessness of gunpowder, we should feel these forces even now, spite of the embattled millions, spite of the blood-drenched countries, working, regenerating, renewing, ennobling democracy, freedom and liberty. Everything that these blessed men have died for is coming, all that the poets have sung for is on its way to relaization.

I cannot close without a word about this "hyphen" in the name business. It is the dictum of schools that he who knows but one language knows none. Another academic statement is, Give a man two languages and you give him two souls.

Let us pray, then, for as many souls as possible. Not one hyphen is necessary, but many before I can write my name as a full-fledged American. Hyphen? Aye, many hyphens. I would be a Cambro-Anglo-Teuto-Franco-Italio-Graeco-Judaeo-AMERICAN! Only by such words can I honor my country best and only in proportion as it waves over such a people does Old Glory become glorious.

Of one other element I must speak, although my time is gone. I love the Italy that is not in Italy. Of the forty-two million Italians in the world today, six millions of them are away from home. One hundred thousand of them are here in Chicago, five hundred thousand are in New York City. In the main, they are the despised "dagos," the ignored "hewers of wood and carriers of water." They are the sewer-makers, the railroad-builders, the street-sweepers. But believe me, by their sweat they are to triumph, out of their toil they are to rise. The degeneracy of the United States lies in the blindness of her so-called "favored"

sons and daughters, who permit their children to call an Italian a "dago," a Jew a "sheeny," an Irishman a "Paddy," and to spell negro "with two g's." Their speech betrayeth them. By their very vocabulary they are convicted of barbaric blindness and in our complacency and our conceit can be recognized our monarchical descent, which is doomed in the interest of the something better and finer that is to come farther along.

Thomas Augustine Daly saw the pathos and the promise of this tide that is re-enforcing our world in America today, doing the jobs which must be done and which we refuse to do, in his poem entitled

"DA BOY FROM ROME."

To-day ees com' from Eetaly
A boy ees leeve een Rome,
An' he ees stop an' speak weeth me—
I weesh he stay at home.

Da people bomp heem een da street,
Da noise ees scare heem, too;
He ees so clumsy een da feet
He don't know w'at to do,
Dere ees so many theeng he meet
Dat ees so strange, so new.

He sheever an' he ask eef here
Eet ees so always cold.
Den een hees eye ees com' a tear—
He ees no vera old—
An', oh, hees voice ees soun' so queer
I have no heart for scold.

He look up een da sky so gray,
But, oh, hees eye ees be
So far away, so far away,
An' w'at he see I see.
Da sky eet ees no gray to-day
At home een Eetaly.

Oh, why he stop an' speak weeth me,
Dees boy dat leeve een Rome,
An' com' to-day from Eetaly?
I weesh he stay at home.

God forgive us if this is our reception to the Italian. Here you can put your finger on one element of the dry rot in the United States. It lies in our conceit, not in the tide of wretchedness that comes to our shores from the so-called off-scouring of Europe. These represent the cream of Europe and without them our progress is at an end.

Again O Father, we pray. Open our hearts to receive the light that comes from all directions and from all ages, and open our hearts to love all Thy children and to believe in the future as we rejoice in the past.—Amen.

THE POOL

In the far west where the dusk garden glows,
With the young Winds about her feet at play,
Paces the Evening. Purple, gold, and rose
Bloom down her path at dying of the day.

Softly she steps, and breathes a little song;
He who has ears may hear her lullabies;
Her shining hair floats the wide sky along,
And firstlings of the stars are her clear eyes.

The sodden fields are bright for many a mile
With the warm radiance from that streaming hair;
Yonder forsaken pool has caught her smile,
And from its dark and miserable lair
Rounds to a splendid, burnished bowl of gold,
The fallen roses from her hand to hold.

Harper's Magazine. —*Mary Norsworthy Shepard.*

Should There Be Military Training in Public Schools?

Not long ago, in making an inspection tour of the numerous camps of interned British, French, German and Belgian soldiers that dot the map of tiny Holland, I chanced to dine with an English officer about whose daring feats as aviator I had read in American newspapers last November. We were discussing political ideals and institutions as affected by the World War, and my British friend was vociferous in proclaiming how the Allies would crush Prussian militarism. "The world will never be a safe place to live in," he said, "until we have beaten the Germans to their knees. There is not a Britisher worthy of the name but will give his last drop of blood for the liberation of Europe from Kaiserism."

This was familiar language to me. I had heard it over in France at the outbreak of the war a year ago, when even the anti-militarist Socialists of the Grande Republique vied with the most conservative of bourbons in denouncing German imperialism as the greatest foe of peace, and in their official organs admonished the "comrades" to make every sacrifice, even to the abandonment of their peace principles, to secure its dethronement.

I had heard it again and again in this country, notably in the language of men like Charles M. Schwab, whose company is being so visibly blessed for assisting in overthrowing German militarism that Bethlehem Steel Shares stand at 250!

I was, then, not surprised at my English friend's lofty tone. But I was not quite prepared for what followed. I happened to venture the opinion that I was not at all sure but that the Allies, in the process of wiping out German militarism, were prone to lose sight of their own democratic ideals. He turned to me sharply, and with a bang his fist came down as he said with warmth and fervor:

"Yes, thank God, this war will end democracy in England. Socialism, trade unionism, syndicalism, and all idle prattle about liberty and democracy will be a thing of the past when once we get conscription. The state has been altogether too lenient with all these cranks and faddists. But there will not be a ghost of a show for them after the war."

My British friend was not so far from right when he made this prediction. Jane Addams, returning from an investigation of European conditions which it has fallen perhaps to no other mortal being to make, tells us:

"The longer the war runs on, the more the military parties are being established as censors of the press and in all sorts of other places which they ordinarily do not occupy; the longer the war goes on, the more the military power is breaking down all of the safeguards of civil life and civil government and consequently the harder will it be for civil life and for the rights of civil life to re-establish themselves over the rights and powers of the military."

We find, then, this curious anomaly: the most stupendous war in history, if we are to accept the view most current in America, is being fought in the name of democracy and avowedly in opposition to militarism—a "war to end war" is the phrase applied by Ally and Teuton alike,—yet within the warring countries

democracy is being more and more overshadowed by the very militarism which each Power is seeking to destroy in the other. The Allies, to crush German land militarism, are raising the most gigantic armies ever assembled and are superseding civil law by martial law in their respective countries; the Germans, to destroy British sea militarism, are building so many submarines and battleships that, should they be victorious and smash the English navy, their own marine equipment for war will be quite as much of a menace to the freedom of the seas as they deemed England's to be.

In other words, each country, in seeking to destroy the military ideal in the other, becomes virtually conquered by the very ideal in the process. More than that. So internationalized is human society today that a wave of reaction sweeping over one part of the human race is bound to touch the whole human family. Hence this hysteria in America. Hence this running for cover, for "protection" that doesn't protect, for "insurance" that doesn't insure, for increased armaments and additional naval bases, with apparently no policy in mind except to secure "as much as the traffic will bear," *et cetera ad infinitum.* We, too, are in grave danger of becoming converts to the philosophy of force.

There you have the background for the efforts now under way to establish military training in our public schools. It is part and parcel of this general swinging back of the pendulum to the ideals of a century in which the "Gus" Gardners and Homer Leas and Leonard Woods would not have commanded nearly so much notoriety as now. Already the legislatures of Ohio and Massachusetts have been stampeded into the appointment of commissions to consider the advisability or feasibility of introducing such military training into the educational system of their commonwealths. A determined effort will be made in other states to secure similar action, unless we can recover our sanity and again face forward instead of backward.

Now, I do not want to take your time to present certain aspects of the question that have been covered in earlier sessions of the N. E. A. For instance, the militarist argument that military training makes for physical development and improvement has been torn to tatters in Superintendent Schaeffer's brilliant address before the Department of Superintendents last February. "Investigations have shown the contrary to be true," is his conclusion, after quoting a number of medical authorities. He thereby corroborates what, several years previous, such educators as Charles W. Eliot, Samuel T. Dutton, Mary E. Wooley and others asserted in response to an inquiry conducted by the Peace Association of Friends of Philadelphia.

Nor would I spend much time going into the moral case against military training in public schools. Again, to quote Superintendent Schaeffer: "Military drill seeks to develop unquestioning obedience, so that the soldier will move forward in the face of danger, and even certain death, but it does not develop obedience to conscience, to a sense of right, and to the divine imperative of duty." Or, as the British investigators put it, "In so far as the 'soldierly spirit' implies implicit obedience to superiors, under all circumstances, without the guiding of individual conscience and under fear of punishment, it is wholly anti-educational, repressing the personality instead of 'leading it out,' and stultifying initiative." That Dr. Schaeffer is not alone is attested by the signed statements to practically the same effect which I have seen from the pens of Charles Zueblin, Isaac Sharpless, John Dewey, and other educators, not to mention statesmen like John W. Foster or Charles E. Hughes.

These two aspects—the physical and moral—must be apparent to any educator who seriously reflects upon the problem. It is not on these self-evident objections that I wish to place the emphasis. Rather would I indict the introduction of military training on two grounds:

First, it would be a confession that we are about to abandon the American ideal of democracy and to substitute for it what has become popularly known as "Prussianism," or the military ideal.

Second, since no nation lives unto itself, a radical departure from our traditional military policy, such as the introduction of preparation for war in our school curricula would involve, would mean a radical rearrangement and realignment of all the Great Powers, and might easily set in motion a wave of militarism scarcely less calamitous than the Great War itself.

I.

There are, I suppose as many definitions of what the American ideal of democracy is as there are theories about the tariff. Most people are agreed, however, that it is the very opposite of autocracy and militarism. Ask any one of the many thousands upon thousands of immigrants from military ridden Europe as to why he came to this land of opportunity, and he will tell you, among other things, that it was because he "did not raise his boy to be a soldier;" because to him America meant the land of individual liberty, the "land of the free and the home of the brave;" because he wants his progeny to grow up free from the crushing burdens of militarism that so stifled individual initiative in the old country.

Ask the foreign observer who comes to our shores to study our life and our ideals what it is that distinguishes us from Europeans and he will always enumerate among other points, the absence of the military. I recall an amusing incident that occurred in Washington two years ago. Some two hundred foreign students, representing thirty different countries, had gathered at Cornell University in an international congress to deliberate upon problems common to students of all nationalities, and to advance the ideal of universal brotherhood. From Ithaca they traveled to Buffalo, to Niagara Falls, to Philadelphia, to New York, to Baltimore, to Annapolis, and finally to Washington. I was sitting in a café one noon with several Italian students, when suddenly one of them sprang up excitedly and pointed out of the window. "At last I see an American soldier," he said. "I had often heard in sunny Italy that you are a non-military nation, but I never dreamed that I would travel through five of your largest cities before meeting a soldier."

George Washington, in his famous "Farewell" address, emphasized the incompatibility of militarism and democracy: "Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty."

In short, the American ideal, in so far as it is capable of definition, is one of anti-militarism.

Contrast with that the Prussian ideal, the ideal of militarism. I need not quote Bernhardi, or Treitschke, or Nietzsche in definition of it. We need go no further than Oyster Bay, N. Y., to find a vigorous expoment of it. In this very State of California, and indeed in this very neighborhood, Theodore Roosevelt, winner of the Nobel peace prize and colonel of the Rough Riders, after denouncing the contemptible ideals of the German military cast, burst into this epigrammatic utterance:

"Any man who says, 'I did not raise my boy to be a soldier,' isn't fit for citizenship."

And in a recent article of his, in which, by the way, he informs the world with characteristic modesty that he has "outlined the only possible feasible plan for securing world peace that has yet been propounded:" He puts it thus:

"'I did not raise my boy to be a soldier' is on the same moral level with saying 'I did not raise my girl to be a mother.'"

Here, then, are the two ideals: the so-called Prussian ideal, which makes citizenship and soldiery synonymous; the other, the democratic ideal, which exalts pacifism as the highest form of patriotism.

There is no doubt in my mind as to which ideal the great body of American teachers favors. There is no doubt as to which ideal the rank and file of the common people favor. The very fact that the sympathies of the United States, broadly speaking, are on the side of the Allies because, rightly or wrongly, they see in a German victory the triumph of the military ideal,—shows how devoted we are to the democratic, pacific ideal. And even those in our country who sympathize with the Teutonic powers in this struggle do it because they believe that a sweeping German victory will rid the Fatherland once for all from the dangers surrounding her, and, in the words of Congressman Bartholdt, will enable Germany to disband her army and abolish conscription at the close of the war.

If, then, we are all taking sides one way or the other; our technical neutrality notwithstanding, because we want to see the world freed from the military ideal, is it not just a little bit inconsistent, to say the least, to want to enthrone that ideal in the very cradle of liberty, the American public school? Are we to be regarded as sincere if we ourselves do not practice what we preach? If Prussianism is an undesirable thing, then why in heaven's name instill it in the hearts of our youth?

It is a current statement in the trenches of Europe that this is really an old men's war,—that the splendid young men of this generation are forced to fight for ideals of an older generation, for ideals which they no longer share. John R. Mott, Jane Addams, and others who have been abroad, tell us that the young men vow that when this war is over they will see to it that their new ideals of international co-operation supersede these older notions. Are we to be more backward than the man in the trenches? While Europe is bitterly regretting that it ever succumbed to the military ideal, and is pathetically trying to shift the blame for this war one nation upon the other, shall we adopt that outworn ideal in our presumably up-to-date educational system by installing military training?

Let us not be misled by those who try to make out how innocent the idea of military training is. It is one of the unfortunate truisms that miltarism is like that popular confection known as "cracker-jack," the motto of which is, "The more you eat the more you want." It differs only in this, that even the most ravenous of youngsters will finally stop wanting cracker-jack, while I have yet to find the militarist who is satisfied with the state of preparedness at any given point. Ramsay Macdonald well pointed out the dangers of militarism in a recent speech in Birmingham. Said the distinguished member of Parliament:

"Great Britain is nearer militarism than ever it has been in its existence. Of course, people say it is only temporary, but let them not make any mistake about that. When they go into militarism for temporary purposes they have to abandon the view which is at war with militarism. If they submit to conscription in any shape or form now the arguments in favor of conscription will continue after peace."

And so it will be with the idea of military training in public schools. At first it will be a voluntary matter for the children. Then it will be compulsory. Then it will be extended into the high schools, the colleges and the universities in ever increasing measure. Soon it will appear advisable that the young men who are unable to go beyond the grammar school be given the same opportunity for "patriotic" service that their more fortunate comrades have at the high school or college, and workingmen's and businessmen's military training will be provided. Do you not see whither we shall then be drifting; whither, in fact, we are already drifting? A few legislators bought up by gun makers and munitions manufacturers, a few big papers subsidized, a potential enemy dangled long enough before our eyes—and conscription is only a question of time. And once conscription is introduced,—well, I let General Leonard Wood speak. Said the General in the course of one of his recent attempts to militarize our colleges and universities: "If we had universal conscription, all this peace talk would stop in twenty-four hours."

But supposing I am seeing things in too pessimistic a light. Supposing military training in public schools were an unqualified blessing to the youngsters taking it. Still I would oppose it, particularly at this time of international unrest. In our modern state of interdependence, no nation any longer lives unto itself. Whatever is said or thought or done in one part of the universe, becomes part of the world thought or the world mind. Even war among so-called civilized nations is no longer possible between two isolated countries, but, as we now learn by horrible example, has become so internationalized as to draw almost a dozen countries into the holocaust.

It follows that any new governmental policy, especially a military one, introduced in one country is bound to be felt throughout the world. We have abundant proof that this is true. Roosevelt's sending our fleet around the world to show everybody we could "lick them to a frazzle" is responsible for the inflated naval program of several South American sister republics. Our huge military appropriations make similar appropriations in Japan almost inevitable. When the German Emperor decades ago uttered his famous "Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser" (our future lies on the waters), he brought about an almost revolutionary re-alignment of the European powers, and soon converted the traditional enmity between France

and England into friendship. When France two years ago extended her military conscription period from two to three years, she drew out an instant response from Germany in that that country levied a heavy income tax upon her rich people so as to swell her "defensive" war chest. When Russia showed special signs of activity in the Baltic region, the Swedish people implored their king to increase the armaments of their country. And so on. The military program of one country is invariably bound up with that of the whole civilized world.

Anyone with any imagination whatever can foresee what would happen if the most cherished shrine of liberty and democracy, the American school house, were to become infested by the military ideal. The world, already sorely shaken in its faith in the peace ideal, would see its last ray of hope disappearing. A wave of militarism scracely less calamitous in its potentialities than the great war itself, would follow. The laborers, the socialists, the religionists, the men of good will everywhere, who in their respective countries have been pointing to our unfortified frontier of three thousand miles on our northern boundary, to our arbitration and "cooling off"—or one year's delay—treaties, to our freedom from land militarism, and to our comparative "unpreparedness" as living demonstrations of the better way, will go down in defeat before the jingoes when America, too, succumbs to the ideal of force.

Do the educators of America want to take upon themselves the tremendous responsibility of helping our country become a prime factor in perpetuating the system that has been the undoing of Europe? Not if I read aright the history of American education. The American teacher has always been arrayed on the side of progress. He will not fail us in these troubled times, even though all the forces of darkness are at work to draw us off the path of truth and light.

It is not an easy task to stand out boldly against the efforts to drag patriotism down to the level of jingoism. It is far more popular to cry "preparedness" and to denounce peace propaganda than it is to remain sane and calm in the knowledge that the world will not forever remain at sixes and sevens, but that ultimately the reaction must set in and a period of soberness must follow. To be a pacifist nowadays is to incur the stigma of "moral flabbiness," of "degeneracy in moral fiber," of "physical and moral cowardice," to cull but a few choice phrases from the Rooseveltian vocabulary.

But do not let that worry us. As a dear old German professor said to me in Berlin last May, when we were discussing the grave world situation: "Our time, too, is bound to come despite all that you see round about us. And then I look forward to our young men and women from the universities, to our teachers and educators to take the lead in ushering in the era of a world united, of co-operation where there is now antagonism, of mutual understanding and good will."

One of our best known Americans has said, "Not once in a thousand years is it possible to achieve anything worth achieving except by labor, by effort, by serious purpose, and by *willingness to run risks*. May the people of good will everywhere not look in vain to the American teacher to accept willingly the risk of unpopularity in setting himself or herself like a wall of adamant against the attempt to militarize our priceless heritage, the free, liberty inspiring public school.

LOUIS P. LOCHNER.

"The Battle Cry of Peace"

That mysterious title, "The Battle Cry of Peace," has intrigued my curiosity since I first saw it. Variants, just as elusive, have been running through my mind, such as "The Battle Cry of Friendship," "The Death Rattle of Life," "The Love Song of Hate," until at last I have been obliged to see the motion-picture play itself in the hope that I should thus solve the problem. Alas, the meaning still escapes me, but I am now able to suggest to Commodore J. Stuart Blackton of Oyster Bay, Long Island (mark you, Oyster Bay), that a far more appropriate name for his play would be "The Trumpet Call of the Bull Moose." The educational value of the rare and refreshing entertainment has been so highly praised by the National Security League, and the Army League, and the American Legion, that I feel that I ought to testify publicly to the several important lessons which I myself have learned from this film. The following facts stand out clearly in my mind:

(1) That Mr. Hiram Maxim, like Noah of old (to whom I imagine Mr. Maxim bears a close physical resemblance), is a wonderful old gentleman, whose prophecies of impending doom are shockingly disregarded by his light and frivolous fellow-countrymen and women, with the exception of a choice little group of about a score of patriots, who, like all audiences shown in moving-pictures, make up in enthusiasm and unanimity what they lack in numbers.

(2) That the pacifists, most of whom appear to be very unpleasant-looking foreign spies, are in full control of the destinies of this unhappy country. These facts should surely be brought to the notice of Miss Jane Addams, who may not be aware either of the atrocious spies with whom she is supposed to be associating or of the great strength of the peace movements. That, anyway, will encourage her!

(3) That the invading army, when it comes, will spend most of its time smashing the furniture (most of it very ugly stuff) in our homes, and making very violent and disagreeable love to young American ladies, whose abhorrence of the enemy is doubtless greatly increased by the hideous uniform he wears. It is also very clear—and here is a crumb of comfort for poor Mr. Maxim—that the enemy's soldiers are very bad marksmen, for they completely fail to hit the hero, even when shooting at him with a machine gun at a distance of about ten yards.

(4) That according to some ingenious diagrams which are presented on the screen during the progress of the play, like the powder in the jam, the population of America may be represented by a great figure of a man as tall as the Statue of Liberty, but alas, the army and navy of this miserable country are seen to be represented by a little figure about the size of a baby kewpie. This distressing fact, and others equally gloomy from Commodore Blackton's point of view, were received with roars of laughter by the audience, which it may be supposed is what usually happens, for there quickly appeared on the screen a reproachful message from the gallant commodore

himself, saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "Ah, but this is no laughing matter."

(5) Washington, Naploeon, Lincoln, Grant, and Lee, when they appear on the screen to give their hearty support to Gen. Leonard Wood, Col. Roesevelt, Capt. Jack Crawford (the Poet Scout), and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in their plea for preparedness and a billion-dollar loan, are seen to be very pleasant and friendly, not to say familiar gentlemen, obviously of like passions to ourselves.

(6) That is clearly the Commodore's opinion that here as in Europe war is an old man's game, for all the chief supporters of this plea for "preparedness" are either septuagenarians or octogenarians, beginning with the fiery old Irishman, a veteran of the Civil War, who begins the play, exciting our admiration by his vigor and enthusiasm rather than by what he says. Then various pictures show us Mr. Maxim, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and a group of hoary admirals including apparently a twin brother of von Tirpitz (to whose appeals for a bigger navy nobody listens but the hero), and lastly eight hundred members of the G. A. R., all waving little American flags and looking very self-conscious and uncomfortable.

(7) To correct the unfortunate impression that the American Legion is not a thoroughly democratic institution, we are shown some stirring pictures of the quiet heroism and self-sacrifice with which, on receiving the call to service, the clubman leaves his club—the taxi-driver his taxi, and the golfer his golf.

(8) At this very improving entertainment even the program is not without its lessons. It begins with an earnest and pathetic, not to say maudlin, address by the gallant commodore to the "Mothers of America," to whom the play is dedicated "with respect, reverence and admiration." Though not a mother myself, I could not refrain from reading this soul-stirring appeal so full of simple home truths like, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and "let us have peace," and "we must be the champions of the laws of humanity." But it is surely a somewhat doubtful compliment that the Commodore pays to his naval and military friends when he tells the mothers of America that "no body of men is half so anxious for peace as are the army and navy!"

On the second page of the program is set out prominently a quotation from the writings of the Prophet Ezekiel (doubtless the Rev. Lyman Abbott discovered this choice morsel for the Commodore, * * * "what damned error but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text."). On the same page the Fire Notice caught my eye. I imagine we do not have to thank the Commodore for this warning, though indeed the note of preparedness is struck here also—but in another key. This fire notice ends with these words, which seem to me to have a deeper significance than is intended: "In case of disturbance of any kind, to avoid the danger of panic, WALK, do not run." * * * Here, I think, Fire Commissioner Adamson gives us better advice than does either the Prophet Ezekiel or the Commodore Blackton.

WALTER FULLER.

A "Little Responsibility"

A very tiny but complete human being sought entrance into our family circle recently. He knocked politely at the door of our hearts and said, "May I come in?" We in the circle answered as with one voice, "Yes, yes, come in." Just before he came in, however, he chose his closest or nearest relative, his mother. She, as we soon learned, was joyous to be chosen for this high office, and it was decided then and there that for all time these two should be known as "mother and son." As this mite of humanity looked around the circle he had chosen to enter, he began speedily pinning labels on all of us. My label proved to be a fine one—a "grand" one, in fact; indeed I wouldn't exchange it for a Carnegie hero medal, or the kind of symbol the Kaiser gives his battlefield heroes. To return to the subject of mothers, there are some unaccountable things about them. They seem all their lives long to be poised between hope and fear. Some one has said, "You can't measure a hope or weigh a fear," but I believe mothers would come nearer doing this than any other class of people. This small human entity came without scrip or restraint, and we know in the ordinary paths of life such a condition is very shocking; but we aren't dealing with the ordinary now. Oh, *no,* he came in apparently empty handed, with nothing to meet his current expenses, even; but intangible as his coin is, it has proved priceless and very real, as you'll see, for at the end of each day he has paid in royal pelf for his maintenance. One glance from his blue eye is *good* pay for his breakfast, and the clasp of the tiny fingers is quite enough to settle his board for the rest of the day. Around this small personage are devoted minions, ready for service night or day, who consider themselves overpaid if they get *one smile!* Not even a mother's divination can foretell the mission on this earth of this potential man lying more independently on her knee than an absolute monarch on his throne. We search the child's features for signs of greatness, just as fond relatives have ever done. Is his nose large enough? What about his chin? And the *"ear marks?"* Do they denote longevity and generosity as they should? Is his gospel to be *work* and beauty, or will he choose a narrower creed? These are a few of the questions we mutely ask as we look at this tiny creature, realizing that he is but briefly intrusted to earth's guardianship. Now the question comes, has this child chosen his parents wisely? Are they fitted for this greatest of responsibilities, the training of a human soul? (God be praised, we think so.) When all is ended here for this child, grown to manhood, what will he *leave* to posterity? Let us pray some contributions far exceeding *any* monetary bequests. Am hoping some of these may bear such labels as "splendid ideals," "good sense," "progressive thought," "brotherly love," etc. These bequests would, I am sure, weigh almost as heavily in the scales as the sunlight, the breath of sweet air, or the good solid earth beneath our feet.

C. J. WETMORE.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A MEMORIAL MEETING FOR BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

A memorial meeting in honor of Dr. Booker T. Washington will be held in the auditorium at Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakland Boulevard, Sunday, November 21, at four P. M., under the auspices of the Frederick Douglass Center.

Brief addresses will follow a simple religious service, singing by the Jubilee Quartette. Speakers, E. H. Wright, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Judge Edward Osgood Brown, Alexander L. Jackson of Wabash Y. M. C. A., George Packard, S. Lang Williams, Celia Parker Woolley, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Dr. George C. Hall, chairman. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

"LET'S QUIT!"

When the nebulous comet enveloped the earth with a peculiarly poisonous, but non-fatal gas in H. G. Wells's sociological-romantic novel, "In the Days of the Comet," two hostile forces were drawn up opposite each other, "somewhere" in Europe, to begin fighting on the morrow. The blue vapors settled down, however, through the earth's atmosphere, and harmlessly put both bodies of men, together with all the rest of mankind (save the crew of a submerged submarine), fast asleep. When they woke up the next day a strange thing had happened—common sense had come to them. For the first time rancor, prejudice, bigotry, racial blindness, and many other senseless traits fell away, leaving them clear-sighted and free. The result was that the troops of one camp crossed to the opponents'; both armies fraternized; the war was not only over—it was impossible. A few sentences from the Manchester *Guardian* recall this scene. They purport to narrate truthfully an incident witnessed only the day before the last great attack in France by an officer who now lies wounded in London. We read:

A board was hoisted in the German trenches bearing the inscription—

"The English Are Fools."

No one wasted a bullet on such poor abuse. The board went down and reappeared with the addition—

"The French Are Fools."

It was ignored by the British. Then the board came up again with a third line—

"We Are Fools."

A lively interest was now awakened in the board. On its last appearance it bore the inscription—

"Why not all go home?"

—*Exchange.*

THE NEGLECTED HALF-CASTE CHILDREN.

By this term is meant any child who is of mixed origin as between Europeans and aborigines, and includes mulattos, quadroons, and octoroons. There are now 54 such children in the Council's care; 39 are placed in the country, 9 in the suburbs, 2 in the Industrial School, 3 in the Girls' Probationary School, and one in the Lying-in Home.

These children are all in good health and in good homes. They are, in the main, happy and contended. It would not be true to say that there is never any difficulty; but there is no more than with the average white child. The chief difficulties arise in the case of those who remember furlie life. As Mrs. Bates remarks in a recent communication—the native restraints are in the case of such children thrown off and there are no others to take their place. The result is that such children become depraved at a very early age, and the task of training in right ways is made proportionately more difficult. The children who come from the camp before memory begins to retain such evil impressions are just ordinary, simple, tractable children.—*From Report of State and Children's Council for South Australia.*

QUAKERS IN WAR-RELIEF.

We have dwelt upon the tragic dilemma presented to the English Quakers in the contrary demands of their country and their religion during the war. We have seen how some have felt called to make sacrifices of that principle of their religious faith which would keep them from bearing arms. Those who have listened to the dictates of faith, however, have not been inactive in their country's service. "Confronted anew in 1914 with the necessity of reaffirming their testimony touching the iniquity of all war," says William W. Comfort in the New York *Evening Post*, "they speedily threw themselves into the work of salvage and reconstruction." So successful have they been that they have aroused favorable comment in England, even from those who do not share their attitude toward this and all wars. Indeed, we are told that "except for the patching of mangled bodies by surgeons and nurses, theirs is about the only really constructive work that has yet followed in the wake of organized destruction." As would naturally be the case, their work was begun in France:

"Early in September, 1914, British Friends decided to undertake relief work in France, and the 'War-Victims' Relief Committee' was formed in London. Permission was readily granted by the French Government, and operations were begun under the control of the Sanitary Commission of the French military authorities. Permission was the more readily granted as the Friends had organized a similar expedition in 1870, and their services were gratefully recalled.

"The valley of the Marne, from which the wave of invasion had just receded, was selected as the region most in need of aid. Much of this territory had been twice fought over on the German advance and retreat, and some villages had been bombarded by Germans and French alike. Local conditions were found by the first group of visitors to vary greatly. One village had suffered slightly, whereas its neighbor had been almost completely destroyed and its inhabitants rendered destitute and homeless. The farms, stocks, and crops were in most cases ruined. The able men, of course, were gone. The old people, the women, and the little children were living in cow-stables, cellars and improvised shacks. Children were being born in the most deplorable surroundings.

"The method of village relief is as follows: A visiting party, working with the mayor, the priest, and the local council, if such exists, tabulates the population by families, together with the sort of aid, if any, which is required. This aid is given with the approval of the local authorities, who know family conditions and merits. From the big warehouses in London, through the clearing house in Paris, are constantly sent forward great supplies of clothing, blankets, medicines, furniture, seeds, and agricultural implements. About two hundred men and women are engaged, mostly British Friends. They are doctors, nurses, teachers, architects, sanitary experts,

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artizans, and craftsmen, possesed of strong constitutions, unbounded enthusiasm, unfailing sympathy, and—the ability to use French.

"Architects and carpenters have been constructing for a year hundreds of movable houses of one to five rooms for the homeless. They have braced up tottering walls and chimneys, and given needed utensils for housekeeping. Others have given seed for gardens and fields and sent planting and reaping implements, in order that this year's harvest might not fail. They have visited the sick and prescribed for them over a large area, with the help of motor conveyance. They have cleaned out pestholes, and prevented the outbreak of typhoid by modern sanitary measures. They early organized in Châlons a maternity hospital of sixty beds for the expectant mothers among the *émigrés* of the Department. Most of all, they have infused a splendid spirit of confidence and a renewed interest in life among those whose hearts were seared with sorrow and whose hands hung idle all the day."

The letters of gratitude written by these French Catholics to the British Quakers, it is said, support the claims of the workers themselves that "the moral uplift has been the most important feature of the expedition." We read:

"All this work has gone on fifteen to thirty miles behind the present lines, which leave ten Departments of France in German hands. There has been much red tape to unwind with the French civil and military authorities, owing to the precautions which had to be observed in the military zone. On the whole, the co-operation between individuals of different nationalities and different creeds has been splendid; all jealous bickerings have been banished between men and women whose sole desire was to put a prostrate population physically and morally upon its feet.

"It is cause for gratification that perhaps no body of well-intentioned people in England could have commanded the confidence of the French in this difficult task, except the Society of Friends. Every possible facility has been granted by the French authorities, and the leaders of the relief work have been received and warmly thanked by the Government committee for the relief of the devastated provinces.

"The writer was privileged to sit as a member on the London general committee, representing American Friends. He had a chance there to see the admirable economy with which the large funds are disbursed upon recommendation from the experts in the field. Every pound of money is looked at twice before it is spent, and, as the time of the workers is given freely, the funds go directly for supplies and for the living expenses of those in the field. Over a quarter of a million dollars has been raised, and something more than half of that sum expended. As much as possible is kept back in order to meet the demand for similar work in France and Belgium, which stretches away without limit into the future.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$ 3,000,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 6,728,308.04
Interests, rents and dividends	489,480.08
From other sources	57,014.90
From agents' balances previously charged off	625.50
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	7,103.78
Increase in book value of ledger assets	145,888.75
Total income	$ 7,428,421.05

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 2,546,237.70
Investigation and adjustment of claims	374,988.83
Commission or brokerage	1,516,041.66
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	1,122,907.79
Rents	74,118.29
Repairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	90,902.75
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	217,652.47
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	105,521.71
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	56,344.70
Stockholders for interest or dividends	480,000.00
All other disbursements	304,735.08
Agents' balances charged off	3,968.45
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	123,273.24
Total disbursements	$ 7,016,692.67

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 2,560,137.41
Mortgage loans on real estate	217,405.00
Loans on collateral security	688,262.50
Book value of bonds and stocks	5,319,898.00
Cash on hand and in bank	1,290,335.92
Premiums in course of collection	2,113,083.31
Other ledger assets	55,648.84
Total ledger assets	$12,244,770.98

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 593.75
Gross assets	$12,245,364.73

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	$781,588.55	
Market value of special deposits over corresponding liabilities	479,871.98	
		1,261,460.53
Total admitted assets		$10,983,904.20

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,828,214.33
Expenses of settlement of claims	44,730.02
Total unearned premiums	3,388,360.08
Commission and brokerage	199,109.30
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	20,000.00
State, county and municipal taxes	110,000.00
Return and re-insurance premiums	195,288.67
Advance premiums	309,756.76
Other liabilities	284,691.17
Total liabilities	$ 6,380,150.33

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 381,075.92
Total losses paid during the year	182,989.12

CHAS. R. MILLER, Vice-President.
THOS. L. BERRY, Asst. Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of February, 1915.

FRED. S. AXTELL, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the Frankfort General Insurance Company of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital	$ 250,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 1,132,743.59
Policy fees required or represented by application	12,364.45
Interest, rents and dividends	48,873.48
From other sources	32,091.82
Total income	$ 1,226,073.34

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 626,717.65
Investigation and adjustment of claims	122,115.32
Policy fees retained by agents	12,364.45
Commission or brokerage	240,874.24
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	117,259.82
Rents	8,762.56
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	23,254.22
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	14,744.96
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	6,366.73
All other disbursements	23,398.51
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	58.49
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	810.77
Total disbursements	$ 1,196,727.72

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$ 1,260,544.55
Cash on hand and in bank	98,924.66
Premiums in course of collection	129,590.95
Other ledger assets	9,819.28
Total ledger assets	$ 1,498,879.44

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 13,963.93
Other non-ledger assets	14,237.01
Gross assets	$ 1,527,080.38

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	$ 7,678.66	
Book value of ledger assets over market value	91,084.55	
		98,763.21
Total admitted assets		$ 1,428,317.17

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 539,760.78
Expenses of settlement of claims	1,416.49
Total unearned premiums	375,928.80
Commission and brokerage	26,752.31
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	1,500.00
State, county and municipal taxes	16,000.00
Advance premiums	4,059.53
Total liabilities	$ 965,417.91

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS

Total premiums received during the year	$ 104,872.84
Total losses paid during the year	100,109.95

C. H. FRANKLIN, U. S. Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of February, 1915.

EDWIN G. MARKS, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the General Accident, Fire and Life Asurance Corporation, Limited, of Perth, Scotland, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital paid up in cash	$ 250,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 3,679,248.33
Policy fees required or represented by aplication	116,595.00
Interest, rents and dividends	101,353.22
From other sources	345,660.86
From agents' balances previously charged off	4,818.70
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	150.30
Increase in book value of ledger assets	2,994.02
Total income	$ 4,250,820.43

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 2,001,246.63
Investigations and adjustment of claims	427,191.30
Policy fees retained by agents	116,595.00
Commission or brokerage	1,002,714.29
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	409,785.70
Rents	37,599.94
Repairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	10,281.85
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	91,165.51
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	65,329.89
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	55,993.92
All other disbursements	36,808.72
Agents' balances charged off	2,928.48
Total disbursements	$ 4,257,641.23

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 216,154.60
Mortgage loans on real estate	15,500.00
Book value of bonds and stocks	2,102,544.87
Cash on hand and in bank	75,543.21
Premiums in course of collection	677,538.25
Bills receivabe	3,459.50
Other ledger assets	218,772.38
Total ledger assets	$ 3,309,512.81

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 27,227.90
Gross assets	$ 3,336,740.71

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Bills receivable	$ 3,459.50	
Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	148,306.25	
Book value of ledger assets over market value	151,339.47	
Other unadmitted assets	242,426.98	
		509,377.60
Total admitted assets		$ 2,827,363.11

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 941,987.23
Expenses of settlement of claims	4,112.00
Total unearned premiums	1,164,161.45
Commission and brokerage	123,527.21
Salares, rents, bills, etc	10,000.00
State, county and municipal taxes	66,184.96
Interest due or accrued	1,033.33
Advance premiums	19,750.00
Other liabilities	160,000.00
Total liabilities	$ 2,490,756.18

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 536,486.84
Total losses paid during the year	228,964.58

C. NORIE MILLER, U. S. Manager.
CHARLES G. COOK, Chief Accountant.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of March, 1915.

GEO. WILKES, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the General Indemnity Corporation of America of Rochester, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$ 200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year.	11,842.50
Total income	$ 11,842.50

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	$ 1,466.73
Rents	95.00
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	2,740.53
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	6,473.63
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	5,377.70
All other disbursements	1,402.49
Total disbursements	$ 12,716.08

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$ 283,358.84
Cash on hand and in bank	20,767.58
Total ledger assets	$ 304,126.42

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 4,293.75
Total admitted assets	$ 308,420.17

LIABILITIES.

Total unearned premiums	$ 11,375.40
State, county and municipal taxes	236.85
Total liabilities	$ 11,612.25

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 782.50

HIRAM R. WOOD, President.
RALPH M. BARSTON, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of January, 1915.

MABEL L. VERWEY, Notary Public.
[SEAL]